ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a pepper corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villainous company hath beene the ſpoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are ſo fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdie ſong, make mee merry. I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic't not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy houſe, not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir Iohn, that you muſt needs bee out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, ſir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the lanterne in the poope, but 't is in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, ſir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, ile bee ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there hee is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuẽ to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my othe ſhould bee, By this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the ſonne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou ranſt vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke, thou hadſt bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bon-fire light, thou haſt ſaued me, a thouſand Marks in Links, and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the ſacke, that thou haſt drunke mee, would haue bought mee lights as good cheape, at the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Sallamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnt.

How